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## A Second Letter from the Editor.\*

To Desmond Ryan, Esq.

Ludlow, Sept. 26, 1846.

MY DEAR RYAN,—I have this morning received a bundle of papers and letters, the perusal of which has awakened me from a pleasant dream of rivers, hills, and trees, of ancient towns and mouldy ruins, of frame-houses, square-towered churches, and a hundred other matters no less venerable than delightful, which has lasted me for something short of a month. Hang the papers! They bring with them revelations of London and its multitudes, change bright skies and clear air for veiled suns and clouds of smoke, green fields and laughing streams for curbstones and muddy waters, fair forests and the song of birds for dingy squares and hurdy-gurdies, sloping hills and noiseless dells for crowded streets and clamorous theatres. Hang the papers! How I envy Hill, who is seated on some far mountain in Caernarvonshire, which the mail does not skirt, and is too steep for the postman to get up with his bags! Happy Hill! There he will sit for three weeks at least, undisturbed in his solitude, dreaming of the Posthumous Quartets, with the sun over his head, the river at his feet, and the wind caressing him with a world of health-bestowing puffs. However, I will not be driven by the papers from Ludlow Castle. Here I can rake out such part of their contents as may suit our "World," whose well-beloved face I would fain have not beheld for many a day. You have no idea of the view I am now enjoying. First, at my feet, the ruined castle, ivy-clad and wood-embosomed—its wrinkles, played on by the sunshine, become smiles—its huge chasms, at night so dark and melancholy, at this sweet hour of day are as the indolent yawns of some luxurious monster, misshapen but innocuous. Then the little river, running at its base, rejoicing the hard rocks with its presence, sparkling and gambolling, as though in sport it would throw from its bosom the old grey bridge which rides over it in contemptuous silence, carrying the weary traveller into the comfortable town. Then the Clew hills, stalking on the horizon, like some company of giants in debate; they are going to battle with their enemies of Wales. Lastly, an imaginary view of the Merionethshire mountains, and beyond them those of Denbigh, and still further into space the haughty despots of Caernarvon, upon one of which sits Hill, in a brown study, swallowing the sunbeams. Oh, Ludlow, thou art indeed a paradise, and I cannot wonder that the Misses Williams chose thee for their birth-place! Here, then, from this pleasant cliff, I can at leisure scribble a few lines to you, although, in your domain of steam

and soot, I expect you will hardly sympathise with what I shall hold forth. It would seem the fresh air inspired me with intelligence unwonted. I read your "Musical World," and with a glance detect your errors. To begin, then—you are wrong about everything; and were I not in this sweet place, I should be inclined to rate you hardly—but the sun, and the air, and the water, and the woods, and the hills, stir up the heart's lethargy, and make it beat with the throbs of good nature and good will, so you shall escape with an admonition and an argument. For the admonition, it is enough that you consider yourself admonished—let that pass. The argument must needs be somewhat longer.

*Imprimis*—why have you been altogether silent on the subject of Madame Anna Bishop, who, according to all probability, will be the shining star of the forthcoming season at Drury-Lane?† I happen to have in my pocket-book a couple of extracts from letters which our friend T— wrote me from Naples; and as they treat somewhat at length of the talent of the so-much-lauded vocalist, they can hardly be uninteresting at this juncture. You know what a musician T— is, how refined his taste, and how correct his judgment. You will therefore receive his opinion as canonical. Here is one of the extracts:—

"Naples, May, 1843.

"DEAR D—All the rage here now is for Madame Anna Bishop, whom you no doubt recollect as Miss Riviere, at the Royal Academy of music. I saw her last night in Pacini's *La Fidanzata Corsa*, recently performed in Naples, with Taddolini as the heroine. Her success was unequivocal. I who recollected her, scarcely seven years ago, as a student in the Royal Academy, with considerable promise, but nothing more—without method or finish—with a mezzo-soprano voice of moderate compass and little pretensions to quality or flexibility—could hardly believe that I was listening to the same vocalist last night. The voice of Madame Bishop, now decidedly formed and perfected through the whole of its register, is a pure and absolute soprano, of more than two octaves in compass. The tone is as sweet and fresh as a nightingale's. The middle notes are full and liquid—the upper notes clear and brilliant. The command which the vocalist has obtained over the entire range, from top to bottom, can only have resulted from arduous and incessant study. Madame Bishop can sing *legato* phrases in any part of the voice. Her command of the shake is equally unlimited in regard to position. Her facility in the use of ornament is as remarkable as her taste in the choice of it is eminently appropriate. In the most intricate cadences she displays no evidences of uncertainty, while her roulades and *floriture* are finished off with the utmost elegance and *aplomb*. Her shakes are invariably concluded on the higher note, which imparts to them a roundness and a grace not always remarkable in the most reputed of the Italian vocalists. In short, Madame Bishop is a consummate artist both as to style and method. In expression and execution she is alike unassailable. She boasts also powers as an actress of no common order, although the peculiarities of her voice deprive her of that boisterous energy of utterance in speaking, which commonly appertains to the mezzo soprano and contralto. The pure notes of a soprano are head notes, but the speaking voice is from the chest, which in some degree incapacitates Madame Bishop from producing effects in her acting,

\* The publication of this letter, as may be surmised from the date, has been unavoidably delayed two weeks.—D.R.

† Our memoir appeared the same week that this letter was received.—D. R.

which her genius would otherwise suggest. But her delivery of *recitative* is clear, emphatic, and full of point, while her action is exceedingly natural and graceful; indeed she moves upon the stage with all the ease of an experienced performer. Her reception was highly flattering, and the Neapolitans are thoroughly content. "La Bishop" will be their *Diva* for some time to come. I perhaps may write to you again on the subject, which, as it relates to an English artist, must be interesting to your friends at home.—Yours, T.

Of the other extract, which is more eulogistic still, I am only at liberty to give you as much as follows:—

"Naples, June, 1846.

"DEAR D—,—Since I wrote you last, I have heard Mad. Bishop several times, and am confirmed in my good opinion. You know I am not easily pleased, and that I am in nothing more difficult to satisfy than in singing. When I say that I place Madame Bishop above all the singers I have heard, for grace and finish of style, astonishing truth of intonation, and facility of execution which no instrument could surpass, you may believe that the vocal qualities she evinces are of no common order. I can assure you positively that I never in my life heard a more wonderful display of vocal excellence than her performance of last night. She is now fully at home at the *San Carlo*, and experience has taught her how to calculate the gradations of power demanded by its immense area. The orchestra accompanies her exceedingly well, and the softest note she utters can be heard distinctly in every corner of the edifice. Her *sotto voce* singing is delicious. I know nothing to compare with it but Grisi's *mezzo voce*, of which you have not seldom acknowledged the charm in my company. Perhaps no singer living can equal Mad. Bishop in the command she possesses of modifying the gradations of tone from loud to soft, and the converse, in passages of no matter what difficulty. You can form no idea of the ease with which she executes *legato* passages on the highest notes of her voice. She is, moreover, an actress of refined and poetical feeling, and ever attentive to the business of the scene, an excellence not always attributable to vocalists. Her popularity with the Neapolitans is immense; she is recalled constantly before the curtain, and is loaded with bouquets and coronals, night after night."

Whether this opinion of an Englishman in Italy will be echoed by his countrymen at home remains to be seen. I am inclined to think it will. A friend, in whose judgment I have great faith, heard Madame Bishop, last winter, at Liege, and spoke of her acquirements in a manner quite enthusiastic; he declared her to be the only absolute *soprano sfogato* in existence, the equal of Persiani in brilliancy and neatness of execution, and in the resources of ornament and grace, and her superior in justness of intonation. In addition to this, if she be not changed since her departure from England, she possesses great personal attractions, and with the dramatic power of which she gave so much promise, now doubtless perfected and developed, she is a most likely person to make a decided hit in London. I shall expect you to render a full account of her first appearance at "Old Drury" in the *Musical World*.

But this is not the only omission with which I have to charge you. The news has reached me here, in Ludlow, that Thalberg has abandoned the piano, and taken to fly-fishing—that he may daily be encountered on the banks of a river which runs contiguous to his present residence at Enghien, near Paris, catching swarms of flies, and industriously pursuing the fishes. This fact was surely worth recording in the *Musical World*, the readers of which can hardly fail to be interested in the recreations of the great Sigismond. I am not surprised that he should feel inclined for a rest from labour. He is not like the fiery Liszt, who cannot sit still for a quarter of an hour in any one place, and who rails at the gods for not having gifted him with ubiquity of the entire person—the ubiquity, or rather *pantoquity* (allow the term) of his fingers, being unquestioned. Thalberg is a quiet, thoughtful man, in spite of his jokes; he is patience personified—just the one to enjoy a whole day's fishing, without one bite. He will practice angling with as much perseverance as he formerly practised the scales. Yet I doubt if his new passion will endure long. He cannot remain a month away from the piano for the life of

him; he will hear of some new Pleyel, or Filtsch, who plays better than himself, and this will set him practising, for spite, twelve hours a day. Thalberg is a very jealous artist, and cannot support a rival; but he is much more chary than Liszt of giving his opinions, and for the most part either speaks of his competitors extravagantly above their deserts, or damns them with faint praise. Nevertheless, it was your duty to have given an account of his new passion for catching fish. Thalberg loves to have his smallest adventures recorded, and he never will forgive you for overlooking his "triumphs" in that humanising sport which delighted the tough-nerved "old Isaac."

But I have not finished the catalogue of your omissions. What have you to say about Robert Bruce, otherwise *La Donna del Lago*, otherwise the new opera of the "Swan of Pesaro?" You have told us nothing of that lately, albeit it is an interesting subject for discussion. The interest attached to it is a melancholy one, I grant, but that is no excuse for you; we cannot ever be merry, and an editor of a newspaper must paint his face according to the times, and wear black, blue, or yellow, as occasion demands. Only to think that Rossini, who has long been enshrined among the immortal dead, must now be dragged out of Heaven, to fight for his laurels over again—his weapon an old opera! It is positively enough to make one weep. What a fat and lazy "swan" it is, to batten for seventeen years on spices and wine, and to be barren all the time, as though in *Guillaume Tell*, he had emptied his soul, and shot away the last arrow in his quiver! The curse of Rossini is indifference; he is a disciple of Epicurus, and holds ease to be the great desideratum; much pleasure or excitement, like pain, disturbs the economy of his constitution, and prevents the development of obesity, which is the present aim of his existence. Ambition, meanwhile, gives now and then a warning twinge to his conscience, but the effect is illusory; Rossini satisfies himself with the consolation that if he cannot be the greatest composer in the world he will at least be the fattest, and the idleness which pushes him from the one distinction helps him marvellously well to the other. In the meanwhile, the French and Italian parasites continue to slaver him with adulation, and by the loudness of their trumpets prevent him from hearing the dictates of conscience, which might otherwise prove occasionally inconvenient for his nobility. And so "The Swan" sails away the prime of life upon the tranquil waters of indifference, while the sun, shining upon him from above, mocks him with his glory, as who should say, "Hadst thou my industry, thou mightest be my earthly prototype!" But Phœbus acts his daily part with energy, while his unworthy son breaks his staff, and resigns himself to feast and slumber; and the laurels which erst bound his brow, are fading fast, till winter shall come and wither them. Then, when Rossini is but a name, people shall hear his melodies, and wonder what manner of man he was that could so much and did so little. But perhaps he may make excuse with the lover who has ceased to sing his mistress's praises, in Shakspeare's beautiful sonnet—(I quote from memory):—

"My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;  
I love not less, though less the show appear;  
That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;

But that wild music burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight;—  
Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song."

Thus might he plead excuse to Art, his neglected mistress, and it would be difficult to repel such honey-tongued casuistry. But I feel sure Rossini dares make no such graceful plea. His silence must be attributed to more vulgar motives. Want made him toil at first, not love of art—and now that he no longer wants, he no longer works. Only that you have a touch of Rossini's least admirable quality, you would yourself have pleasantly discussed this matter—*Mon cher, tu es un paresseux.*

There are so many things I have to ask you, which present themselves all at once to my mind, that I am perplexed where to begin. Have you seen Albert Smith's new novel? Is it called *Christopher Tadpole*, and if not, what? Have you heard what Dickens is doing, buried in the solitude of Lausanne? He also is to start another work in monthly parts—what is it about—what is it called—when does it appear? You have lately affected to treat of literature in the "World," and yet you leave these matters unnoticed. Also, to return to music, what is Sterndale Bennett about, and is there any talk of his oratorio? What is Macfarren doing, and how about his symphony in D? And Edward Loder, too—what has become of his *Giselle*? All these things you ought to have touched upon—instead of which, you talk wildly of the New Italian Opera, and make imaginary engagements for Carlotta Grisi. When I return, I shall rate you soundly. My view of the two Italian Operas I have already hinted; but shall leave their full discussion till my return to town—so please avoid compromising me by premature opinions, or I promise you a contradiction, *ex cathedra*, of whatever you shall put forth. It is unwise in such a matter to jump to conclusions, before you are fully master of details, a state of things at which it is impossible you can yet have arrived. So please curb your enthusiasm—leave Verdi to his fast-diminishing reputation—Costa to his band—Persiani to his operas—Salamanca to his mistresses—Rothschild to his money-bags—and Grisi and Mario to their Parisian triumphs. There will be time enough to speak of all these things during the six months' adjournment.

In my last, I mentioned the fact of having assisted at two concerts at Shrewsbury and Wolverhampton. As the principal performers on both occasions were Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache, John Parry, and Benedict, and the programmes pretty nigh the same as at Manchester and Liverpool, it is only necessary to say, that they both passed off with great eclat, encores being frequent and applause incessant. At Shrewsbury, the Misses Williams gave their assistance, and sang with the success which rarely fails to attend their public exertions. The concert was given by the "Shrewsbury Choral Society," an excellent local institution of amateurs, who have had the courage to build a magnificent music-hall in the market-place, capable of accommodating nearly one thousand persons. The building is oblong in form, and there are no galleries, which gives an additional chasteness to its appearance. I understand, however, this deficiency, as it is considered by the Shrewsbury amateurs, will shortly be rectified, and thus, while the edifice will be damaged in its classicality of form, extra accommodation for visitors and subscribers will be ensured. The subscription list of the "Shrewsbury Choral Society" is quite full: the number of subscribers is eight hundred. The appearance of the music-hall, at an evening dress-concert, is exceedingly brilliant. Such a bevy of lovely women, perhaps, could not be mustered in any other town of

England. They came in swarms to the artist's room, between the parts, to have a look at the handsome Mario—"Dear Mario," as John Parry styles him in his excellent new song—which, by the way, Albert Smith, who wrote the *libretto* (John Parry's songs are nothing short of operas) will be glad to hear has met with unanimous success throughout his recent tour. At Shrewsbury the band was led by Mr. Hayward, of Wolverhampton, a first-rate violinist, and immensely popular in those parts. He also played a solo. The Wolverhampton concert, which took place at the theatre on the following evening, and was brilliantly attended, was Mr. Hayward's own speculation, and I trust answered his expectations. One of the pleasant remembrances of my short stay in that town will be the few hours I had the advantage of spending in his company. I found him a very modest and a very admirable artist, with manners as agreeable as his talents are remarkable. He is looked upon there as a second Paganini on the violin; and I assure you his mastery of the instrument is astonishing. Music at Wolverhampton is progressing rapidly. I have an account of the history and laws of a capital society which exists there, and in which Mr. Hayward and Mr. George Hay take active parts. I shall make use of it in an article on my return. I see the "Berkshire Triennial Festival" is announced for October 6th. Reading is one of my favourite towns: you may therefore be sure I shall attend, and render you an account of the proceedings. *Addio.*

J. W. D.

### The New Italian Opera.

THE well-wishers to this speculation will no doubt be gratified with the news officially delivered by *The Morning Chronicle*, that Mr. Beale, of the house of Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, has been constituted principal manager and director of the whole affair. The appointment gives an air of substantiality to the business which we were hardly inclined to allow it previously. Mr. Beale's experience, business habits, intimate acquaintance with all the artists employed, and unblemished integrity, cannot but be highly serviceable to the speculators, who have evinced sound wisdom in securing his assistance. It may not be out of place here, to state that the policy we intend to pursue in regard to the rival establishment will be strictly impartial. We shall support either, both, or neither, as the excellence or defects of their performances may suggest. We shall neither be the exclusive *Chronicle* of the one, nor the solitary *Post* of the other. Allowing all the chances for Covent Garden—admitting the undertaking to be not altogether Quixotic—we can see nothing desperate in Mr. Lumley's position. With his resources, influence, and sagacity, he has a wide field to choose from. Fraschini is as good as Salvi, if not better, and Anna Bishop as good as Persiani, if not better. If these be not secured for Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley will not shew his accustomed discretion. Lablache stands alone, and must weigh against the merits of Grisi and Mario, unless Jenny Lind and Rubini be obtainable, which appears doubtful. Then there is the *ballet* department, in which Mr. Lumley is almost impregnable, and in which, had he taken our advice about Carlotta Grisi, he would have been quite so. He has Cerito, Grahn, and Taglioni, with Perrot, at an increased salary. Carlotta Grisi, however, is not, it appears, open to the Covent Gardenites, since Mr. Bunn has engaged her for Drury Lane. Fanny Elssler alone is open to treaty with them, but her terms are too extravagant. Remains



then the band and the chorus, which Mr. Balfe will have to get together the best way he can. We shall see what he can effect, and in the meantime stand upon our profession of entire neutrality.

### The Berkshire Triennial Festival.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Wednesday, October 7, 1846.

THE term "Festival" is, perhaps, somewhat grandiloquent as applied to this periodical music meeting, which, though on a scale of far more than the ordinary magnitude of provincial undertakings, is not devoted to the purposes of charity, and, consequently, while assuming the title in question, encroaches upon what, at least by courtesy, has been long the privilege of special convocations for benevolent objects. The choral meetings at Manchester, at the suggestion of the directors of the great meetings at Birmingham, and the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, judiciously dropped the name of "Festival;" and the present meeting might, without injury to itself, follow the example. Apart from this little discrepancy, "The Berkshire Triennial Festival," so called, is interesting on account of its musical claims to notice, which are of no mean order, and which have great influence in sustaining and improving the taste for music in Berkshire and the immediately adjacent counties. It is now four years since the last meeting took place, which, as the "Festival" is professedly triennial, would seem to involve a bull; but it is to be presumed there were reasons for the irregularity. The "Festival" was instituted, upwards of thirty years ago, by the father of the present director, Mr. Binfield. The performances, which are now confined to one day, though formerly they occupied three, consist of a morning concert of exclusively sacred, and an evening selection of miscellaneous music. The *locale* is the Town-hall in Friar-street, a structure, to judge by the style of its architecture, of about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The tempestuous state of the weather yesterday led to the anticipation of a very unfavourable meeting in regard to attendance; but a glance at the hall, on entering, showed that this was a miscalculation. There were between 600 and 700 persons present, a number which comes within fifty of what the building can accommodate. The population of Reading, although it reaches about 23,000, supplies but a moiety of the audience which usually supports these meetings; the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and the gentry of Oxford and Buckingham counties export the rest of visitors. Among the patrons of the "Festival" are, Lord Abingdon, Lord-lieutenant of the county; W. Stephens, Esq., High Sheriff of the county; the Mayor of Reading; the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Falmouth, Lord Camoys, Viscount Barrington. M.P., Viscount Chelsea, M.P., Sir W. Clayton, Sir East Clayton East, &c. The band generally numbers about fifty efficient performers, the majority of them from London: leader, Mr. Binfield; the chorus about forty, chiefly from the "London Professional Choral Society," under the direction of Mr. G. F. Harris. The vocalists are almost invariably selected from the *élite* of the metropolitan professionals. Madame Castellan, Misses Dolby and S. Novello, Messrs. Lockey, H. Phillips, A. Novello, Genge, and Master Banister, were the force on the present occasion. Master Binfield, son of the director, presides at the organ, and Mr. G. F. Harris officiates as conductor. The morning performance consisted of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; an oratorio much less frequently performed than its merits and the name of

its composer demand. It stands fourth in rank amongst the *chef d'œuvres* of the master, giving precedence only to *Israel in Egypt*, the *Messiah*, and *Samson*. The poem, if such it may be called, was written by the Rev. T. Morell, in compliment to the Duke of Cumberland, after his victory at Culloden, in 1746, at the suggestion of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. The materials are selected from the *Maccabees* and the *History of Josephus*. Handel composed the music in one month and two days, having commenced it on the 9th of July, and finished it on the 11th of August. It was performed thirty nights in succession, with immense profit, £400 being realised on the 30th night. The oratorio is divided into three parts: the first, treating of the lamentations of the Jews for their oppression by Antiochus, King of Syria, and their selection of Judas Maccabæus as leader of their revolt; the second, of the celebration of the victories gained by this great captain, and the renewal of the war against Gorgias, a Syrian general; the third, of the Feast of the Dedication, at Jerusalem, after the exertions of Judas Maccabæus have succeeded in recovering the sanctuary, his return from victory, and the national thanksgiving. Albeit these materials are good, the poem is utterly destitute of interest, poetical or dramatic, and the wonder is, that Handel should have made so much of it. The music preserves the individual characteristics of each of the three parts into which the oratorio is divided with wonderful truth and vividness. The choruses of the first part are instinct with despair and melancholy—in the second, they breathe a spirit of martial defiance—in the third, they typify, in gorgeous colours, the exultation of victory and freedom. The spirit of religious faith pervades the whole. In the choruses lies the great strength of the oratorio; the songs, duets, and recitatives, although many of them are fine, and some in Handel's loftiest style, are so numerous, and often, owing to the lack of interest presented by the book, so deficient in musical interest, as to become actually tiresome. To this disagreeable necessity poor Handel was too often reduced, not only by the incompetency of his book-makers, but by the despicable taste of his audiences, which imperatively demanded, as though to destroy the unity of his works, a number of pieces of display, for certain of the more popular vocalists and instrumentalists who assisted in interpreting them. That Handel wrote these in sorrow and in scorn, may easily be surmised from their inferiority to those portions of his oratorios which were evidently produced after the dictates of his own judgment. The trivial air, with violoncello obligato, "O Liberty," which would scarcely have done honour to Dr. Arne's *Artaxerxes*, is a capital example of the little care that Handel bestowed upon these *pièces de circonstance*, as the French call them.

The morning performance was admirable, on the whole. The sacred style of music is new to Madame Castellan, but the beauty of her voice did not make less than its usual impression, and her air "From mighty kings," which is so well known as to be almost a musical truism, was excellently vocalized and clearly enunciated; her duet with Miss Dolby, "O lovely peace," was also charmingly sung. Miss Dolby had little to do, but in the only opportunity offered her, the melodious air "Wise men flattering," she produced one of the most complete effects of the whole morning's performance. Nothing could have been more smoothly vocalized or more gracefully expressed. Miss S. Novello, who sustained more than her share of the oratorio, acquitted herself with ability; and in the air "So shall the late," particularly distinguished herself. Mr. H. Phillips, decidedly one of our most accomplished singers of sacred music, was in fine voice, and

sang the air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," with great spirit. The oboe parts in this air were played to perfection by Messrs. Barrett and Nicholson. In "The Lord worketh wonders," one of Handel's best songs, Mr. Phillips also produced much effect. Mr. Lockety was highly efficient in the tenor, and was successful in both his airs—"Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm." In the former, the wonderful use Handel has made of the stringed instruments evinces what may be done with a simple quartet accompaniment by a skilful composer; in the latter Handel has shown to advantage his supreme command of counterpoint, simple and double; it is written almost throughout in two parts, and abounds in masterly sequence and imitation. Mr. Novello and Mr. Genge must also be mentioned with eulogy, for the careful manner in which they executed the small share assigned them in the oratorio; nor must Master Banister be overlooked, who in the duet with Miss Dolby, "Hail Judaea," acquitted himself excellently for so young and inexperienced a vocalist. The choruses were all carefully and effectively sung; some of them—"Fallen is the foe," and "We never will bow down," for example—in first-rate style. Much of this is due to Mr. G. F. Harris, the able director of the London Professional Choral Society, who also officiated as conductor in a manner altogether musician-like and satisfactory. Master Binfield presided at the organ very judiciously, and the overture and accompaniments did great credit to the orchestra, which Mr. Binfield led with spirit and judgment. Among the ranks we observed the following eminent London performers:—Messrs. Williams and Bowley (clarionets), Barrett and Nicholson (oboes), Lindley, Banister, Reinagle, &c. (violincellos), Tolbecque, Dando, J. Banister, Pigott, &c. (violins), Abbott, Davis, &c. (tenors), Howell, Griffiths, &c. (double basses), Tull and Hill (flutes), the Harpers (trumpets and horns), the Smithies (trombones), Keating and Larking (bassoons), Goodwin and Seymour (drums), &c., all of them picked men. No wonder, then, that their efforts were successful. Between the first and second parts of the oratorio Miss Hannah Binfield performed Handel's "Fourth Concerto" on the organ, displaying very remarkable qualities, both of taste and execution. Miss Binfield deserves unanimous praise for her zeal and courage in endeavouring, by a public essay, to rescue so fine a work of one of the greatest of all composers from oblivion. The organ was a capital instrument, by Gray and Davison.

The evening concert was attended by about 450 persons, among whom were many of the patrons and stewards. The programme on the whole was interesting. The overture to *Don Giovanni*, capitolly played by the band, was followed by J. Bennett's madrigal, "My mistress is as fair as fine," which was encored, and gave way to Mr. H. Phillips's "Bear Hunt in Kentucky," a descriptive scene, sung with great point by the composer. Miss Dolby came next, with the recitative and air, "A te riedo," from *Il Crociato*, in which she evinced that brilliant facility of vocalising for which she is so remarkable. A harp fantasia of Parish Alvars gave Miss Hannah Binfield occasion to display great talent on an instrument differing essentially from that on which, in the morning, she deserved and gained so much applause and credit; she was ably seconded by Mr. Binfield on the piano. Madame Castellan followed, with Donizetti's air, "O luce di quest'anima," for which her clever singing commanded a spontaneous encore. Mr. Lockety, in "The heart's emotion," a pretty song by Kücken, proved himself an admirable expositor of the sentimental ballad-school. The trio of Corelli, for two violincellos and double bass, Messrs. Lindley, Banister, and Howell,

won almost as much applause as when the famous Dragonetti was wont to aid in its interpretation. Mr. Howell promises to fill up the gap left by that great performer, but he must beware of falling into the vein of exaggerated accent, which was a characteristic of his predecessor, but becomes a simple mannerism in the hands of any other contra-bassist. In "Haste ye, nymph," Mr. Phillips's animation, backed by the efforts of an unusually well trained chorus, gained the customary call for repetition from the audience. The second part commended with Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, which was brilliantly executed by the band. In the cavatina, "Prendi per me," introduced by Benedict and De Beriot in the *Elisir* of Donizetti, Madame Castellan took pains to display the dual quality of voice which she possesses, now *contralto*, now *soprano*. Were her execution as finished as her voice is beautiful, Madame Castellan would rival the best singers of the day. Rossini's hacknied *finale* to *Mosé*, commonly called "The Prayer," did not go well, owing to a discrepancy of opinion between the wind and stringed instruments; but Miss Binfield's harp, and the quartett of soloists, Misses Novello and Dolby, Messrs. Lockety and Phillips, were blameless. One of the most interesting features of the programme was the performance of Mendelssohn's First *Concerto*, in G minor, by a very young and promising pianist, Miss Susan Havell, who made up in unusual energy, and irreproachable taste, for the small deficiencies of mechanism almost inseparable from her years and experience. Her style is altogether remarkable for one so young, and assiduous study cannot fail of making her a first-rate artist. The cuts made in the first movement of the *Concerto* might, however, be objected to, as inexcusable on any pretext, more especially before such attentive auditors. A Philharmonic public could not have paid more respectful homage to the music; to rob it of its fair proportions was, therefore, not only an unwarrantable liberty with the great composer, but an ill compliment to the visitors, who were so evidently inclined to listen to his work. Linley's very graceful ballad, "Thou art gone from my gaze," was exquisitely sung by Miss Dolby, and encored; a similar compliment was paid to the incomparable madrigal of Constantius Festa, "Down in a flowery vale," which was sung to perfection by the choir. Miss Sabilla Novello's "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was too quiet for so large a room; and, for the same reason, two Spanish songs by Madame Castellan failed of producing any striking effect. Mr. Phillips, in Marschner's quartett, "Im herbst da muss man trinken," arranged as a solo, deserved, though he did not obtain, an *encore*, owing to the lateness of the evening. The concert concluded with the "National Anthem," by the principal singers and chorus. The attention of the audience, and the judicious manner in which they awarded applause, were worthy remark throughout the performances. The band had but one fault, viz.—a deficiency of basses,—not in quality but number. The chorus was perfect. Mr. G. F. Harris, the conductor, deserves to be better known in that capacity; his efforts throughout the morning and evening performances were of the highest utility. Mr. Binfield accompanied some of the vocal music on the piano in a very able manner, and also officiated as *chef d'attaque* among the violins. The accompaniments to the *Concerto* of Mendelssohn were played in a style that is not always acquired in the London concert-rooms; they were subdued, or energetic, as the occasion demanded, and seldom, if ever, out of place. The Town-hall, it must be owned, is ill adapted to sound, by reason of its excessive reverberation; it is, however, capacious, lofty, and well ventilated. Notwithstanding the fullness of the attendance at each performance—notwithstanding the



unprecedented phalanx of equipages that choked up the streets, and rendered passage either way impracticable—notwithstanding the crowded state of the town, which was in a condition of unusual bustle and commotion, it is understood that Mr. Binfield, who has kept up the festival, by his unaided exertions, for so many years, will be a considerable loser by the present speculation. In a great degree, this was, doubtless, owing to a concert which took place the week previous, the attraction of which consisted of a party of vocalists from London, among whose ranks were Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache, John Parry, and Lindsay Sloper. It is to be hoped, however, that one check in the midst of many successes will not deter Mr. Binfield from continuing to give Berkshire and the near counties the advantage of these excellent triennial meetings, which act so beneficially as a stimulus to the love and progress of one of the most captivating and humanising of the arts. In addition to the list of patrons numbered in the account of the morning performance, add the names of Sir Claudius Hunter, Bart., Sir Henry Russell, Bart., Sir John Conroy, Bart., Lieutenant-General Sir Jasper Nichols, Lieutenant-Colonel Elliott, Mr. J. Walter, Mr. J. Walter, jun., besides a great number of naval and military officers, and nearly all the clergy of the county. There are ten stewards, selected from among the patrons, the president being Lord Camoys, who invariably attends the meeting in person.

Reading, October 8th, 1846.

D.

### Jenny Lind.

(From a Correspondent.)

DEAR SIR,—Your well-known zeal in placing before your readers all that can tend to give every species of musical information, critiques, or remarks, emboldens me to hope that the following will not be unacceptable to yourself, or to the readers of your excellent and valuable journal. A brief and rapid journey to this town has enabled me to hear the celebrated vocalist, Jenny Lind. Having ascertained that she was announced at Frankfort on Monday last for the performance of *Norma*, I embraced the opportunity of a transit by the *chemin de fer* of placing myself at the *parterre* entrance, and at half-past six o'clock the theatre was filled to the ceiling. The overture, or rather the *introduced* overture, was rapidly performed, and listlessly treated by orchestra and audience; but a well-drilled chorus soon ushered the "opening day-light" with becoming dignity and character. At length the Jenny of the north—not the spinning, but the *veritable* singing Jenny appeared. One simultaneous "hush!" was heard, and deeply evinced the throbbing, thrilling interest she had excited. I cannot but confess that the opening recitative for some seconds disappointed me, but a chain of long and finely drawn-out notes were poured forth with such a flood of pure tone, that took "th'imprison'd soul by storm," and left nothing to be wished for by those who could appreciate her school and style. The *Casta Diva* was most beautifully and artistically rendered. It was one scene of triumph from beginning to end. Her dramatic conception and powers are of the highest order; her attitudes as bold, as decisive, as energetic, and as graceful as Rachel's. She is, as a vocalist, one of the best musicians living, her phrasings just, perfect, and most clearly and distinctly delivered, her execution perfect, and the enunciation of every note, syllable, and word faultless! With these great attributes you may well enquire what is wanting to place her beyond all other singers? Nothing, absolutely nothing but—voice! She is not a Grisi. The *bd ue d*, softened, voluptuous tenderness of that inimitable

artiste is still as unapproachable as ever. I hardly think it fair to institute a comparison between the two. Their schools, styles, formation of voice, language, and tone are so dissimilar. While in the presence of each, it is difficult to form a comparison, so high is the standard of excellence. In both, we recognise some of the most passionate singing and acting ever witnessed, save in Malibran and Schroeder. In both do we find rapid conception, quick fancy, and inexhaustible energy; but, for thoroughly womanly personation of the part of *Norma*, for pure self-abandonment to the character, for total rejection of trick or artifice, for grandeur and dignity of purpose, with a colouring at once strong and massive, who can give up the remembrance of that "lost star"—Adelaide Kemble? Jenny Lind's performance had much of this. The introduced graces and ornaments were beautifully imagined, and executed in a manner that displayed the perfect musician; and which were only surpassed by the masterly light, and shade, in her expression. Still she is not a Grisi, for all she does must yield to the accomplishments natural and acquired, and fine quality of voice of her who is confessedly the Queen of Song. In justice to Jenny Lind, it is but fair to state that she was not well supported by the Pollio—with a voice hard, and metallic, it is totally incapable of mixing with a female voice. *Adelgisa* was a much more valuable adjunct. *Fraulein Oswald* has a very pleasing voice; she sang with great skill, and evinced considerable powers. The orchestra was not good, though conducted by that sound and excellent musician, Guhr. On the following Friday she is announced for the *Regimentstochter* (*la fille du regiment*), and next week for *La Sonnambula*. All the artists and amateurs I have conversed with place this as her *chef d'œuvre*, and award to her the palm of excellence over all past, present, or to come! *nous verrons*. I cannot conclude without observing, that the fair Cantatrice is exceedingly fair and good-looking, with deep blue eyes and brown hair. Her face is highly intellectual, which would be rigidly so, were it not for a certain softness and amiability of expression, that disarms it of its severity. Her head is finely formed—well set on her shoulders—and figure good, inclining to *en bon point*. Darmstadt loses none of its reputation for music, though the opera has been much shorn of its excellence since the decease of the late duke. It abounds in Mozart and Handel societies, excellent masters, and good composers; among whom Herr Mangold has distinguished himself by the composition of several operas. The loss of Rinck, though so long retired from the musical world, has thrown a damp on the feelings of those who honored and now revere his memory, his great soul, and goodness of heart. A solitary visit to his grave is the last duty I shall fulfil on departing from a city endeared by many pleasing associations, than which none can be superior for beauty of position and character of its inhabitants, who excel in politeness, attentions, courtesy and kindness to all who visit it. Apologising for so much "musical gossip," I am ever most truly yours,

WILLIAM ASPOLL.

Darmstadt, Oct. 1, 1846.

[We feel bound to say, in all courtesy, that having heard Jenny Lind in the character of *Norma*, we materially differ from our intelligent correspondent in his high estimation of her vocal and histrionic powers.—Ed.]

MILAN.—Our countryman, Mr. John Reeves, is engaged at the *Scala*. He will make his first appearance at the end of this month in the *Lucia*. He is reported to have a magnificent voice, and to sing remarkably well.

## The Marriagable Man.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CH. PAUL DE KOCK.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER IX.—TOO STUPID.

MONSIEUR GIRARDIÈRE by no means considered himself discomfited. He invariably accused his destiny, which from tender youth had been cruelly adverse to him in his attempts to triumph over the fair sex. This same unhappy destiny has many imputations to support; against it we ever complain, in our moments of ill-humour, in our reverses, in the checks received by our self-love. Instead of owning frankly to ourselves that we have committed a folly—that we have been wanting in tact or management—we prefer launching a bitter sally against our destiny, which is nevertheless very innocent of our misfortunes; and we never call to mind those words of St. Gregory, which ought to be engraven on our hearts: "When a misfortune happens to you, reflect for a moment, and you will find that there is always something of your own fault."

Theophilus Girardière, who had sagely formed the resolution to insist no longer upon fortune, since fortune had disdained him, soon began to make the following reflections:—

"Why should I lay stress on beauty? beauty passes away; a chance, an accident, a malady may entirely destroy it. We may observe this daily. Some women even have had the small-pox after being vaccinated! We ought to esteem the charms of the face but a trifling matter. It is to the soul, the mind, the heart, that we must look for lasting attractions, for the soul, the mind and the heart are unchangeable!"

Poor Theophilus Girardière again deceived himself: in imagining the mind to be unchangeable, he shewed his ignorance of the spirit of the age; he never read the newspapers, he never talked politics, or he would have known that nothing is more versatile, more capricious than the mind! How many of our great men write to-day in one fashion, and to-morrow in another! How many barristers plead for and against the same side of the question! How many authors are gay to-day, sad to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow absurd! In like manner a woman may be amiable, when she is the object of universal solicitude—when a single look is sued for as a favour; but the same woman becomes disagreeable, and even tiresome, when she no longer occupies attention; a mere nothing irritates her, the least contrariety elicits sharp words, complaints, and recriminations! Oh! trust not to the mind of a woman, unless there be a large fund of benevolence to temper and support it.

And can we trust to the heart? No, indeed! the heart is of all things we possess, the most traitorous, the most deceptive! we are far too often its slaves; when we think we direct it, we are swayed by its dictates! when in all good faith we have bestowed it on a beloved one, are we not some fine morning surprised to find that it has given itself away to another! when we rely on its firmness, it fails us; when we think it cold, it inflames us; when we wish to silence it, it speaks incessantly, in spite of us. We cannot then put any trust in the heart.

The soul alone remains, which every one defines after his own manner. Erastistratus lodges it in the membrane which envelops the brain; Hippocrates places it in the left ventricle of the heart; Epicurus and Aristotle pretend that it is in every part of the body; Empedocles and Moses believe it to be in the blood; Strabo will have it between the two eye-brows. Plato divides it into three parts—reason, in the brain; anger, in the breast; and voluptuous desires, in the entrails. The Greeks have talked a great deal about the soul: Parmenides pretends that it is fire; Anaximander, water; Zeno, compounds it of the quintessence of the four elements; Heraclides, asserts it to be nothing but light; Xenocrates, a number; Thales, an ever acting substance, and Aristotle, an *entelechy*. Finally, according to the poet Mallebranche, we only know the soul by reason of the conscience! For which reason, perhaps, there are so many who can never arrive at the knowledge of what it really is.

Girardière determined to look out for a young lady, a widow, or even a dowager possessed of mind. "A woman of mind,"

thought he, "will not refuse me. All those who have rejected me have been fools—to begin with Madame Grandvillain, who had the folly to give the preference to her dog. Let me address myself to some one able to appreciate me, and as my revered and honoured mother says, my qualities and graces will receive due justice."

Theophilus recollected that he had formerly attended a *soirée* at the house of Madame de la Berlinguerie, and that Madame de la Berlinguerie had a daughter, called Arabella. This young person was early given out as likely to become a prodigy, a tenth muse, a Sappho, or at least a Scudery. At the age of six she composed a compliment without an *a*, for her papa's birthday; the following year she invented a compliment without an *o* for that of her mamma, and said sundry amiable things to her godfather without an *u*. From this, it was confidently expected that she would arrive at the art of speaking without employing any species of letter, which would doubtless have entitled her to be considered a very extraordinary person—though we have at Paris a *marchant de nouvelles*, who expresses himself almost in a similar manner.

"During the four or five years that have elapsed since I saw Mademoiselle Arabella de la Berlinguerie, her mind must have necessarily expanded and embellished. How admirably we shall comprehend each other! I am by no means a fool; I am even passably learned; I, who, in my adolescence, wished to teach Latin to poor Touloure, the cook! If Mademoiselle Arabella be desirous of exercising her rhetoric or her humanities, I am precisely the man to suit her."

And in the evening, Girardière having concluded a more careful toilet than usual, for he recollected that at the house of Madame de la Berlinguerie the greatest ceremony reigned in all things, directed his steps towards the *Marias*. The family of Mademoiselle Arabella resided in the *rue des Trois-Pavillons*. It consisted, first, of Monsieur de la Berlinguerie, a little old man of seventy, who passed the greater part of his existence in composing and divining logogriphs; and the mother of Arabella, a woman of exceedingly diminutive height, so diminutive that her husband almost appeared tall by her side. Her lean but expressive countenance, yellow eyes, shining like carbuncles, and extreme mobility of features, gave her the aspect of one of those little fairies, who can easily pop out of a piece of furniture and conceal themselves in a mushroom. Added to all this, Madame de la Berlinguerie held constantly in her hand, even in the house, to assist her in walking, an ivory-headed cane as long as a billiard queue, with which she struck the floor in her intervals of impatience; and you must not be surprised that Monsieur de la Berlinguerie, naturally of a pacific temperament, should stop in the middle of his phrases, and lose the thread of his discourse, on hearing the dreaded cane resounding on the carpet. Mademoiselle Arabella had been the first fruits of so well assorted an union; this young lady, who had just attained her twenty-third year, was taller in her own person, than her father and mother placed vertically the one above the other (which the *Bedouins* would have termed a human pyramid). Mademoiselle Arabella was five feet six or seven inches in height, and her nose was perfectly in analogy with her stature, which must have greatly embarrassed her in the process of kissing. Her complexion was the colour of orange rind; her neck had something in common with that of an ostrich, and her deportment had much of the *laissez aller* of a giraffe; she was prodigiously lean; the least motion she made caused a fear lest some part of her should be broken. Every thing was pointed in this young lady, from her knee to her elbow, from her nose to her wit. The happy dispositions she had displayed in her infancy had considerably developed themselves; it is true she employed both *A's* and *O's* in conversing; but how she conversed!

Arabella was not the only issue of the marriage of her respectable parents; a son also was born to them ten years later. This youth, whom they believed would rival, if not surpass his sister, was christened Philéosinus. Hardly had he begun to stutter two or three words, when his sister wished to teach him to express himself with elegance, his mother to say *maman* without an *a*, and his father to divine logogriphs. The little Philéosinus shewed himself particularly restive in all they attempted to teach



him; he did not appear to possess any taste for the pretty phrases of his sister; he was continually asking for something to eat and drink, like a vile *prolitaire*, and did not even comprehend the nature of a *charade*. His relations were, however, obstinate in their endeavours; it was resolved that Monsieur Philéas should become a genius, and the little wretch was so teased and tormented, that at eight years of age he became completely imbecile. But his parents did not consider themselves vanquished; they pretended the child was *inspired*, and it was apparently believed; the educated world being too polite to give the lie to individuals.

In this family poor Girardiére thought of seeking for a wife; some persons would have pronounced this an act of despair, but he, looking at everything on the bright side, persuaded himself before-hand, that his union with the spiritual Arabella would certify the happiness of his life.

The Berlingueries inhabited an old house, whose walls blackened by time would almost have rivalled those of the *Hotel Chmy*. A large carriage door opened into an immense court, in which the grass was allowed with impunity to grow over the pathways. The porter lodged quite at the bottom of the court, so that, on entering the house, if the person you wanted to see happened to be out, you were compelled to walk twice the whole length of the court to ascertain it. This was specially agreeable when it rained, and you chanced to be without an umbrella. So much for the good old inventions of our ancestors, which the amateurs of the gothic would think it impious to renounce.

Girardiére descended from a cabriolet, being averse to come on foot, because it was raining heavily; the pathways were dirty, and he feared to tarnish the lustre of his shoes. He paid the cabman, and knocked at the carriage door, which was a long time opening, giving Theophilus leisure to take the benefit of the rain. At last the heavy portal turned upon its hinges; and after reclosing the gate, not knowing where the porter resided, it being the first time he had seen the house, which the family of the Berlingueries had only inhabited three years; Girardiére looked about him, on all sides, and perceiving no one, began to fear he was mistaken. He directed by chance his footsteps towards a little low door which he perceived on his left; he approached and called out, not receiving no answer, he pulled open the door, and found all silent and dark; he proceeded several steps—his foot slipped, he fell, and rolling a few paces, perceived that he had tumbled into a cellar. Girardiére got upon his feet cursing and swearing, and returned into the court. The rain fell faster and faster; our marrying man was in an awful ill-humour—the pathway of the court being almost entirely covered with grass, was infinitely slippery, and maugre the rain, it was necessary to walk with precaution, for fear of a second fall—Girardiére in the middle of the court muttered to himself:

"What a singular house; it is like the castle in *Beauty and the Beast*; it is so gloomy that I can hardly believe I am in Paris. Where the devil does the porter conceal himself? Ah! I think I perceive a light—provided it be not a will o'-the-wisp—my tumble into the cellar has made me suspicious of everything in this house; I must proceed cautiously."

And Girardiére directed his footsteps towards the light. He at last reached some buildings, and tapped at a small closed window.

"What are you about in the court?" cried a gruff voice, "it is at least half an hour since I opened the door. What sort of behaviour is this, to knock at the door of a house, and then to go and hide yourself in the cellar?"

"Hide myself in the cellar!" replied Girardiére, entering the lodge for shelter; "*parbleu*, porter, you are particularly amusing, you are! I tumbled by accident into your cellar, where I might have endangered my life; when snares are laid about premises, it is customary to give warning by placing torches to light those who may be going to visit the lodgers. I have very much injured my knee, which is extremely agreeable, since I shall be compelled to present myself limping. But tell me first if Monsieur and Madame de la Berlinguerie are at home."

"Oh! sir, if you are going to Madame de la Berlinguerie!" said the porter, assuming a politer tone; "Oh, that makes it quite different. In that case, I ask your pardon for the mistake."

You must know, sir, that in the *Marias*, there are crowds of little vagabonds, who spend the evening in playing the devil with all the porters; the young rascals! there is no end to the tricks they put upon us or the mischief they play us. Sometimes they knock at the door—we open and nobody is there; and we are obliged to get up and quit the lodge in order to shut the door; at other times they come in, but only to commit nuisances in the court; and we are again obliged to leave the lodge in order to drive them away—we run out, armed with a whip; but when we think we have caught hold of them, they run away and laugh in our faces! The young rogues! they will perish on the scaffold, to a certainty. Sometimes—"

"Enough, porter, you shall tell me the rest another day. Is there any company this evening with M. de la Berlinguerie?"

"Yes, sir! oh, yes! there are a great many; a large party; it is their day of reception. Four persons have already gone up, and a lady with a magic-lantern, which I think likely to be for the amusement of Monsieur Philéas; you know the little young gentleman, brother to Mademoiselle Arabella, who, according to report, is inspired. Poor little fellow! I can't make out what it is that inspires him in such a manner; but he passes his time in committing absurdities in this court.—He lets the buckets drop into the well—he throws stones at the windows—he shows his tongue to every body—"

"Well, well, porter, I have made myself a little more tidy; I can present myself now. Where is Madame de la Berlinguerie's lodging?"

"On the second floor, sir, the door to the left; besides there is a stag's horn tied to the bell-rope."

"Enough—the horn will guide me."

Theophilus Girardiére mounted the staircase, and arrived at the second floor, preceded by two whistles from the porter, which had already announced a fresh visitor to the family de la Berlinguerie. Our marrying hero perceived the stag's horn which replaced the handle of the bell-rope, seized and pulled it with a secret motion, saying to himself:

"What a queer idea to put a stag's horn at the door! Assuredly when I am married, I will have a handle to the bell, which is infinitely preferable to a horn."

It was not long before he was admitted; he entered an apartment, remarkable alike for its vastness and the scantiness of its furniture. In the antechamber there was absolutely nothing; in the dining-room only two benches; in the bed-chamber of M. de la Berlinguerie, which was obliged to be traversed before arriving at the drawing-room, with the exception of the bed, nothing was visible but an ancient *bureau* and two arm-chairs; and to conclude, in the drawing-room itself, which Girardiére did not delay entering, all that was to be seen, except an old sofa, consisted of precisely enough chairs to accommodate the whole society when complete, amounting to about fifteen individuals.

"People of mind," thought Girardiére, observing the scantiness of the furniture, "attach slight importance to objects of luxury, and content themselves with what is absolutely necessary. So much the better—Mademoiselle Arabella is no doubt an economical person, which suits me exactly. Let me advance with grace, and endeavour to announce myself in a spiritual manner."

When Theophilus entered the drawing-room, every body was seated, forming a semicircle. M. de la Berlinguerie, ensconced in an old arm-chair, was in the act of regaling the society with a logograph of his composition. His wife was seated on the sofa, holding in her left hand the redoubtable cane. An old lady, attired with a great deal of coquetry, was near her, and held on her knees a small magic-lantern, made of tin, which she apparently regarded with complaisance. The superb Arabella was a little further off; her looks hovered over the company, from whom she evidently expected homage. Three gentlemen were seated on chairs in the immediate neighbourhood of the sofa. The first, who might have been about sixty, was a lengthy and grave personage, whose hand seemed suited to wield the rod. Next to him sat a young man who was continually smiling, and with the utmost possible good faith; listening with the most religious attention, stretching out his neck towards M. de la Berlinguerie, and rolling his eyes about like loto balls, evidently enchanted to find himself in such good company. This young man, whose appearance announced



him to be at the most about nineteen, wore a short and threadbare nut-brown coat, the sleeves of which did not approach within four inches of his wrist, and trousers equally unproportionate, so much so that he was frequently obliged to pull them down to his ankles, in order that they might not be mistaken for knee-breeches; with this exception the young man was very presentable. Next to him was the last of the three—a portly papa, between the two ages, with a rubicund visage, and everything announcing a man contented with his social position. But this latter listened with infinitely less attention, and sometimes even closed his eyes, but opened them again and rubbed them with vivacity, especially when he heard his neighbour cough, whose severe regards seemed to upbraid him for his inclinations to drowsiness.

As to the little Philéasius, he was not among the circle: stretched on the ground in a corner of the drawing-room, he amused himself by constructing castles of cards, and grinning incessantly like an idiot; he rolled himself towards the sofa, catching hold of the legs of those who were seated upon it.

The arrival of Theophilus did not interrupt the master of the house; the company contented themselves with gravely saluting the new comer; a seat was pointed out to him; and the logograph was proceeded with, this being one of the habitual recreations of Arabella's parents. Theophilus was compelled to sit down and listen as well as the others; but he paid very little attention to the logograph; his eyes were directed incessantly towards the daughter of the house, whom he had not seen for a long time, and whom he found very much grown. He judged that Madame de la Berlinguerie must employ a great quantity of stuff in making her dresses, but this mercantile consideration could not arrest him; and by force of endeavouring to persuade himself that she was handsome, he finished by finding a false air of resemblance with the *Venus pudique*. M. de la Berlinguerie having completed his logograph, the society remained for some minutes plunged in deep silence. Each sought the word, or at least pretended to seek it. The schoolmaster coughed—rubbed his forehead—blew his nose—scratched his ear, and at last exclaimed:

"I can never guess well in the evening; but to-morrow morning, when I wake, I am sure I shall know it."

The young adolescent rolled his eyes with a haggard air, pulled down his coat sleeves, drew down his trousers, and at last remarked:

"The word must be either mustard or vinegar."

To which Mademoiselle Arabella replied,

"You are at least a hundred leagues off."

When it came to the turn of the stout gentleman, they were obliged to repeat the same question three times over, in order to make him open his eyes, which he persisted in keeping closed.

"The word? I was thinking of it—I assure you I was thinking of it."

At last they addressed Theophilus, who appeared quite surprised that they should ask him if he had divined the logograph, and said with simplicity:

"It would be difficult enough for me to explain your charade, for I must avow that I did not hear a word of it."

This response was anything but satisfactory to the honourable assembly; and the mother of Arabella, striking the floor with her cane, said to Theophilus with a piqued air:

"And pray what were you thinking, sir, if you were not attending to what we were saying? what may be the motive which has procured us the advantage of seeing you, after so long an interval having elapsed since your last visit?"

Theophilus blushed and looked much embarrassed; he did not wish to make his proposal of marriage before the company; and looking at the floor, he muttered between his teeth:

"By-and-by, madame, I will do myself the honour to explain. In general, I have never been so, I have never been clever at enigmas or logographs; they require a certain aptitude in the mind which I do not possess."

Madame de la Berlinguerie looked at her husband; the latter regarded his daughter; and Arabella, could not suppress a slight movement of the shoulder, accompanied by a pressure of the lips, which spoke an infinity of things. (But soon after addressing herself to the company, she said)

"I am going to recite to the company, some charades of my

own composition; and then, if we have time we will terminate the evening with *bouts-rimés*."

The company protested that they should be infinitely delighted with this surcharge of pleasure. The lady who held on her knees the magic-lantern, was the only one disposed to make any opposition; moving about with great anxiety the coloured glasses by her side, she observed:

"But I thought, that to amuse the little Philéasius, we should give ourselves the pleasure—"

Madame de la Berlinguerie would not permit the lady to finish her sentence, but interrupted her, crying:

"My son is playing; he is amusing himself very well just now; and I think we had better defer, till another opportunity, the spectacle of the magic-lantern. Arabella, tell us your charades, my child, we are all ears."

Arabella, docile to the commands of her mother, repeated a charade for the company.

Everybody listened with attention, or at least appeared to do so. Girardiére alone, entirely preoccupied with his marriage project, could not apply his wits to divine the words; and when the young lady demanded of him:

"Well, sir, what is my first, my second, my whole?"

"Your whole, mademoiselle?" replied Theophilus. "Ah, it is singular; I cannot guess it; I avow that I have not been able to seize your whole!"

A murmur of disapprobation was heard in the room, and nobody deigned to regard or address a word to Girardiére. The spiritual amusements at the house of M. de la Berlinguerie were never prolonged beyond the hour of half-past nine, at which hour the company rose and took leave. Instead of following the example of the others, Theophilus remained behind, and approaching with an embarrassed air the father of Arabella, demanded a moment's conversation in private.

The old gentleman, thinking there was a logograph which Girardiére wished to submit to him, introduced him into his study, where the latter, after his usual preamble, demanded his daughter's hand. M. de la Berlinguerie was very much disappointed, having expected something entirely different, and replied drily:

"The hand of my daughter! that is no affair of mine; but I will speak to my wife. Return to-morrow, sir, and I will communicate to you the answer of the ladies."

Girardiére departed by no means pleased with his reception. He was much vexed at not having been able to divine the charade of Mademoiselle Arabella, and passed the whole night in endeavouring to guess the word. The next morning he returned to the *rue des Trois-Pavillons*. This time he did not wander about the court, or roll into the cellar, but arrived safely at the lodging of M. de la Berlinguerie, whom he found alone. Theophilus, who was impatient to know what he had to expect, demanded immediately what was the reply of the ladies. The old gentleman answered him drily:

"You are refused, my dear sir."

"Refused," cried Girardiére, "and may I enquire for what reason?"

"I have only received one reason, which I would prefer not repeating to you."

"But sir, I rely upon your explaining it."

"Very well; my dear sir, my daughter refuses you because she thinks you too stupid."

Girardiére would hear no more, and thrusting his hat on his head, he departed, exclaiming:

"After all, sir, I would rather be such as I am, than be inspired like Monsieur Philéasius, your son."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Reviews on Literature.

"Christopher Tadpole." By ALBERT SMITH. Nos. 1 and 2.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

ALBERT SMITH is one of the most popular writers of the day. His style is brisk and vivacious, and the subjects of his pen are chosen from circumstances and events in which every one is concerned or feels an interest. He is the romancer of

common-place topics. He is the English Paul de Kock. Nothing can be more mistaken than to imagine that Albert Smith is a copyist of Dickens. These writers have nothing whatsoever in unison. Albert Smith is a bustling, lively storyteller, that spins his yarn with the greatest good humour and good nature; tells of things and persons as they are, and troubles himself with no ethical speculations or didactic inculcations. He is neither sententious, nor meditative enough to instruct or admonish by precept. He makes no attempt to teach, or if he does teach, it is by example, from which the reader must draw his own reflections. Albert Smith rarely moralises. When he attempts to weave a homily, he quits at the first opportunity the uncongenial subject. We need make no parallel between a writer of this class and Boz, who seems to us, in every respect, the antithesis of Albert Smith. With much greater justice might a comparison be established between the author of *Harry Lorrequer* and the author of *Christopher Tadpole*. Although the subjects chosen by these writers be very dissimilar, their manner is not unlike, and the effect they produce on their readers is nearly identical. *Harry Lorrequer*, or, more properly the author thereof, is a highly amusing writer, who dashes off a story with great rapidity and ease, and in the construction of his plot and working, or using of his characters, never allows the interest to flag. But he seldom attempts to analyze his characters, or to dive beyond the surface of the heart. His colours are broad and striking, but he presents on his canvass none of those lights and shades, those delicate touches, like *points* in acting, that strike home to the heart, and "make the whole world kin." These fine impulses, the evidences of observation impregnated by genius, belong neither to the author of *Harry Lorrequer*, nor to Albert Smith. But since that which lies beneath the apex may yet tower to no mean height, we find Albert Smith occupying a superior position in the Parnassian statistics of modern novelists. To this position he would seem to be entitled by his easy writing; his exceeding fun, rather than humor—in which he differs so widely from Boz—his aptness at clothing his characters in everyday costume, so generally recognisable; his seizing on subjects of the commonest kind and investing them not with romance but reality, these are among his chief entitlements to the place he holds in the scale of authors of the present day. As a writer, his style is sometimes careless; his language is, however, selected with felicity, and his periods are, for the most part, harmonious and well-balanced. In composition, Albert Smith has little pretension to be called an artist: but this is a fault he shares in common with all modern novelists. He writes with a thorough knowledge of what he has undertaken, and advances right forward to the end of his object, without much heeding the elegancies of a phrase, or the music of a period. The struggles and adventures of *Christopher Tadpole* commence with a death and birth, as in *Oliver Twist*, and *Dombey and Son*. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Dickens' new work, and Mr. Albert Smith's ditto should contain in the first chapters incidents identically similar. Curious coincidence, as the red-haired man said to Mr. Pickwick, when he told him he was going outside the coach to Ipswich. Here is at least one point of similarity between Albert Smith and Charles Dickens. The scene of the new tale opens in Chester, and we are treated with an interesting account, geographical and topical, of the little city on the Dee. Mr. Gudge, who promises to turn out the comic character of the story, is here introduced to the reader. As yet he has proved himself a very serious comic character indeed. The first chapter, by the way, is *not* the first chapter: it is but a prelude, in consequence, we should

imagine, of ten years having to elapse between chap. 1 and 2: or fully as probable, because that Henry Fielding having written introductory chapters, it was incumbent on Albert Smith to indite ditto chapters. In chap. 1 then, which in reality is chap. 2, there is a very amusing burlesque on the British Association. This is written in the author's happiest manner, a part of which we shall therefore select for the reader's amusement. We cannot choose anything better than Saunders's Botanical Paper:—

"MR. SAUNDERS'S PAPER.

"Ladies and Gentlemen;

"The science of botany—like the beauty of an eminent political character—requires only to be known to be appreciated."

"Here Mr. Buffles, who had not recovered the late excitement, took a moss rose from a tumbler of water, drank the water, replaced the rose, and then began to write.

"For want of botanical knowledge," continued Mr. Saunders, "scarcely a week passes but our friends—nay, those dearest to us—sit down upon the leaves of the nettle, ignorant of its peculiar properties; and cooks, in their noviciate, ingenuously serve up steaks with toad-stool sauce for the refreshment of the weary traveller in picturesque roadside inns."

"There was here a great manifestation of feeling; and one old lady in front shed a tear, overcome by Mr. Saunders's touching pathos.

"In the short space of our lecture, it would be as impossible to teach you the whole science of botany, as it would be to put the sun and moon into a pill-box, one to be taken every twelve hours."

"Mr. Saunders waited an instant, very properly, for the company to laugh, and then proceeded:

"I shall, therefore, just lay before you as much as I happen to think of; skipping, like a flea—if the ladies will permit me to use the industrious entomological simile—over the whole body of my subject."

"A gentleman of nervous susceptibility, in spectacles and gaiters, on the platform, scratched his leg from the force of imagination.

"Allow me," said Mr. Saunders, "in the first place, to contradict a popular error. Green peas are not the produce of the mint plant. Ladies often think they are, because the leaves of mint are usually found boiled with peas; but it is not so. Having set you right on this point, allow me humbly to hope that I am not taking up your time—that valuable time that grows upon no bank, either wild or otherwise."

"There was very loud applause and laughter, and they all said, 'Go on!' except Mr. Buffles, who did not see much in it, and never liked Mr. Saunders. That gentleman resumed:—

"Plants, like maids-of-all-work, have a wonderful power of adapting themselves to strange places. I shall follow up the remark by talking about something else."

"Here somebody's hat fell down from the gallery upon the head of Mr. Buffles; and there was a general laugh, but it was not known whether it was at the lecture or the accident. Dr. Aston knocked his hammer loudly on the table.

"Trees," Mr. Saunders went on, "are of various kinds; some are termed mechanical trees; such are termed the boot tree, and the axle tree. In addition to these we have the pewter tree, the fruit of which serves for measures at our various public houses. There is a very fine specimen to be seen in the yard of the White Hart."

"Applause from the umbrella of the landlord, who was in the room, and decided that Mr. Saunders should be asked what he would take to drink the next time he passed.

"The pewter tree (*arbor puterifera* of Linnæus), is easily transplanted. It requires very little industry or science for its cultivation, and is, therefore, I regret to say, very suitable for those sad neighbourhoods where malt liquor is in too great request."

"The landlord here rescinded his determination; but a teetotaler in the pit applauded rapturously. Thus it is in every position of public life; to please one party it is necessary to offend another, in which act much of the imparted gratification lies."

"You have heard of the sensitive plant, 'Venus's fly trap,' which catches blue-bottles as well as the laziest schoolboy, or as ladies' smiles capture hearts. (Here Mr. Saunders gazed at the young lady, and all the younger committee-men applauded loudly, as each looked at his particular attraction amongst the audience). In the wilds of North America there are trees which possess the power of entrapping men on a similar principle, or rather on no principle at all, for none is known there, except that of vitality. This tree was much cultivated by the venerable Mr. Justice Lynch, since deceased, whence its appellation of 'Judge Lynch's rat-trap.'"

"An impressive silence, broken only by subdued expressions of horror reigned.



"Some plants," continued Mr. Saunders, "possess intoxicating properties. Here is a shrub of this species, the *Prælux Curiosus*, the 'strange plant,' or to speak more familiarly, the 'rom shrub.'"

"Plants, when not properly attended to, will frequently transplant themselves. Geraniums have a singular dislike to front gardens, and will frequently remove therefrom with remarkable celerity, unless the gates be kept locked to prevent their egress. The inhabitants of London are aware of this, and remove their front parlour hanging-gardens every evening, by which means alone are nasturtiums and mignonette preserved."

"A gentleman from town told a lady that it was a fact."

"Some plants are wonderfully long lived; the common flag is of this description. There is a tradition that an English flag has been known to brave a thousand years. They are a hardy race altogether; and in a district of London called Fleet Street, the flags, there used as paving-stones, are transplanted every week without deterioration. Elder shrubs, however, have been known to attain a still greater age, which I trust, ladies and gentlemen, may be the lot of all of you."

Our next extract will exhibit Mr. Albert Smith still more happy, for he is in London, and is describing the different kinds of vehicles that may be seen in Hyde Park during the season.

"There were all sorts of vehicles that afternoon in the Park. Heavy old family coaches, with coachmen and horses to match, and the most wonderful old ladies inside, that ever were seen—equipages that crept out year after year with their pannels re-varnished and their brass-work re-lacquered, slowly coming forth like the shoot of an old stump when the Spring was nigh, and disappearing when it was over, together with the old ladies: new Barouches, blazing with escutcheons like theatrical banners, and liveries almost like harlequins, just started by *parvenus* living on the borders of the exclusive world, and constantly fighting to pass its frontier: Mail-phaetons driven by men about town, who had gone round and round the Park for thirty years, and still clung to the peculiar hats, cravats, and general demeanour that distinguished them when they commenced their career, long before the bushy wig associated so badly with the thin, straggling whiskers, whose every hair was valued and its position known, upon the lined face. There were Broughams too, with the blinds half down, and small dogs looking out of the window; within which might be seen faces once fair, and still with sufficient beauty to attract attention, but knowing no medium of complexion between the pallor of a worn and wretched mind, and the flaunting bloom of paint, slowly toiling round and round: as they had done yesterday: as they would do again to-morrow: without a recognition of the most distant acquaintance from any of the countless throng: except may be, a covert nod from one or two young West End men who were leaning against the posts, more heart-weary of doing nothing, more lonely in that great mass of life, than any convict enjoying the united charms of hard labour and solitary confinement: and who, whilst their looking-glass was obscured with cards and notes of invitation, three and four for the same night, did not know one house in all the world of town where they could drop in quietly, and unexpectedly, for an evening's simple chat, typified by the old-fashioned abolished 'cup of tea.'"

Our limits preclude us from making further quotation. In the third chapter, the Salt Mine near Chester is described with much truth and power, and the author's minute acquaintance with fact, and local knowledge, appears to considerable advantage. We have little doubt that Christopher Tadpole is written with the intention of exposing the horrors of the mine treatment, especially as regards children, and believing this, we wish our author success in his humane undertaking. Let him avoid, however, all ultra exaggeration. It will surely defeat its own purpose, and that, which when wholesomely and truthfully exposed, would necessarily invite public attention, will, under the effect of hyperbole, merely elicit a smile, and leave no further impression. Let Albert Smith leave off digging too deep in the mine; if he do, it is questionable, whether his hero will be able to stand the broad glare of public opinion, when he returns to daylight. D. R.

### Dramatic Intelligence.

**DURY-LANE THEATRE.**—The engagement of Madame Anna Bishop has been a lucky hit for this establishment. The

house has been crowded each night of her appearance. Her popularity with the audience increases on every occasion. She is encored in the final *rondo*, called before the curtain after the first and third acts, and complimented by a profusion of bouquets and such-like demonstrations of favor. That Madame Bishop is deserving of all this can admit of little doubt. With the solitary exception of the admirable Grisi, there is no existing vocalist who can be compared to her in any respect. It is all very well to talk of Jenny Lind, but he must be a very poor judge of what ought to constitute a finished singer who could prefer the unfinished brilliancy of the "Swedish Nighingale" to the exquisite purity of Madame Bishop's vocalisation. That she owes much to education is true, and the great advantage of instruction from a musician like M. Boehsa cannot be overlooked. But nature gave her that innate grace of mind which evidences itself in all she does. The impassioned beauty of her style, the inflexible correctness of intonation which makes it a pleasure to hear her execute passages even devoid of intrinsic merit, and the taste with which she finishes her ornaments, and rounds off her cadences, no art could teach. They are spontaneous ebullitions from the soul. Madame Bishop sings with the ease and volubility of a bird. The skylark, apostrophised in the gorgeous ode of Shelley, pours out its notes

"In profuse strain of unpremeditated art,"

with melody not more divine. Let us confess that we long to hear her in some opera less obstinately unvoiced than that of Mr. Balfe; for example, the *Cinderella*, which has not been heard for some time upon the English stage. This would be a capital part for her, since it combines both the passionate and brilliant styles, and moreover, it is one of the most charming of Rossini's comic operas. Even the *Somnambula*, which is not yet worn out, would do for a few nights, *en attendant autre chose*. At all events, such an acquisition as Madame Bishop should be made the best use of, and little other attraction will be required to keep the treasury full till Christmas, when the pantomime will come to the rescue, and carry the war far into the bowels of the spring. Madame Bishop has performed five times since our last—Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. To-night she performs again, for the eighth time since her *début*. On Wednesday the *Bohemian Girl* was given; but the house was not well attended, although the excellent *ballet* of *The Devil to Pay* was performed as an afterpiece, and the clever and intelligent Flora Fabbri never danced more charmingly, or was received with more general and continued applause. It is no small merit for any *danseuse* to make so great a sensation in one of the finest creations of the incomparable Carlotta Grisi, the original representative of Mazurka. But Flora Fabbri is a great favorite with the English public, and most deservedly so. Her dancing is equally entitled to praise on the score of grace and execution; in addition to which, she is a most sensible and animated actress.

**HAYMARKET.**—The libretto of Halevy's popular opera, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, has furnished Mr. Planché with a subject for a very pleasing three-act drama, produced at the Haymarket on Saturday last. The incidents, which are similarly constructed in the opera and adaptation, are however modified in the translation to suit Mr. Webster's company. Mr. Planché has considerable tact in the concoction of a piece, and exhibits his usual ability in the new drama, which is called *Queen Mary's Bower*. The plot is somewhat complicated. It runs thus: *Lady Arabella Mordaunt* (Mrs. Seymour), lady in waiting to *Mary*, wife of *James the Second*, has fallen in

love with *Henry Ormond* (Mr. Howe), a poor lieutenant in the Life Guards, who loves her in return, but is ignorant of the feeling she entertains for him, and being of a retiring nature, scarcely deigns to raise his eyes to her. *Hector O'Donoghue* (Mr. Hudson), a captain in the same corps, of a less retiring nature than his friend *Ormond*, who happens undesignedly to overhear the *Lady Arabella* declare her passion for some individual to whom she dared not acknowledge it, and whose name she dared not mention, partly led by his amatory inclinations, partly urged on by his vanity which whispers him, he, as well as any other, may be the object of the lady's adorations, writes to her and declares he has learned the secret from her own lips; that he is the person she loves, and that he returns her affections ten thousand fold. To escape detection, *O'Donoghue* counsels her not to notice him when they meet, nor to expect the slightest recognition on his part in their casual encounters. A correspondence is kept up for some time, the lady believing that every letter she receives is from *Henry Ormond*. The gallant Captain, ignorant of the real name of the lady's beloved, writes anonymously. At length he solicits an interview in *Queen Mary's Bower* at eleven o'clock at night. *Arabella*, not knowing how to act, consults her friend, *Miss Lucy Desborough* (Miss Fortescue), maid of honour to Her Majesty, who counsels her to grant her lover, whom she supposes to be *Ormond*, the desired appointment. *Lucy* has a penchant for the Captain, who, notwithstanding the affair with *Arabella*, returns her love. The meeting takes place. *Lucy* accompanies her friend to the place of rendezvous, but retires to an amiable distance on the approach of the supposed lieutenant. A very amusing scene occurs. *O'Donoghue* endeavours to gain from the lady the name of the man he personates. He is foiled in the attempt, and led on by her warm expressions of attachment he clasps the lady in his arms. She breaks from him with indignation, and calls aloud for *Lucy*. The Captain, hearing the name, makes his exit in all haste, and the act ends with *Arabella* expressing her sorrow for trusting her heart to so hollow a lover. In the second act *Ormond* receives a letter, which acquaints him with the death of an uncle, and his inheritance to his title and fortunes. He, from a poor Lieutenant, has now become *Earl of Elrington*, and is possessor of a princely heritage. Possessed of wealth and rank he dares now aspire to the hand of the *Lady Arabella Mordaunt*. He communicates the joyful tidings of his fortune to his dear friend *O'Donoghue*, and informs him of a secret that has long preyed upon his mind. He tells him of his love for *Arabella*. The Captain is somewhat astonished at the information, for he cannot divine to whom it is the lady has given her heart, and knows not how to advise his friend. The ladies approach, and *Ormond*, now somewhat emboldened, begs the Captain to present him. *Arabella* receives the introduction with a scornful look and departs. *Ormond*, ignorant of his having offended *Arabella*, pleads with *Lucy* to obtain pardon for his unknown fault. The lady retires to do the required office, and returns with a declaration of peace. *Ormond* is overjoyed, but his exultation is cut short. He is arrested on a charge of murder and high treason. To explain this it is necessary to introduce another conspicuous character in the drama. *The Laird of Killiecrankie*, (Mr. Webster), major of the Scotch dragoons, is a great lover of the duello or monomachy, and takes high delight in settling quarrels by the sword's point. He has a natural, or national antipathy to the Irish Captain, and endeavors to provoke him to a contest upon every occasion. But the Irishman, for mere opposition sake, knowing how much it would tend to the Scotchman's chagrin, treats all his hostile advances with

scrupulous politeness and good humour, determining at the same time to make amends for all his forbearance, when the *Laird* should cool in his animosities, or a better opportunity should serve. The *Laird* has a rough liking for *Ormond*, and as a proof of his friendship urges him on to a quarrel with one *Barwell* who has insulted him. A meeting is appointed, which is hindered from taking place by *Barwell* being found murdered in the street. Upon searching him, letters are found implicating the *Earl of Elrington*. Hereupon strong suspicions attach to *Henry Ormond*, and he is arrested on the double charge of murder and treason. *Ormond* is about to fly to *Arabella* when the guards enter. The lady hearing of her lover's arrest flies to his rescue, and learning the charge against him, throws off all her maiden fears, and declares the accusation to be false, as at the very time the man was said to be murdered, *Ormond* was in *Queen Mary's bower* with her. Her lover receives this information as a mere endeavour of the lady's to screen him from his fate. *Ormond* is led off to prison. *Arabella* faints, and the ill-starring Irishman stands perfectly astounded at the confusion in which he has enmeshed them all—and so the second act ends. In the third act *Ormond* is released from prison. He flies to his lady-love, and learns with horror that she had spoken the truth, in her belief, when she stated he was with her in *Queen Mary's bower*. He obtains the whole secret from her, and without declaring to the lady that he was not the person, fearing to offend her delicacy, he vows vengeance against the villain who attempted to deceive her. He seeks his friend *O'Donoghue*, and declares his determination to be revenged. The poor Irishman, now conscience-stricken, hears himself, as a third person, loaded with opprobrious epithets, and is silent from very shame. *Ormond* leaves him. He communes with himself. What's to be done? His crime must be atoned for. Shall he fight with *Ormond*? No; he must fight with some friend of *Ormond's*, however! Ha! the *Laird of Killiecrankie* stands before him. Blessed opportunity! He is *Ormond's* best friend. But the *Laird* has made a vow of peace, registered at the shrine of St. Andrew, and "canha fight nae mair." *O'Donoghue* tries every means of winning the *Laird* from his pacific determination; but it is all to no purpose. "What," says the Captain, "if I should call you coward?" "Call awa, mon," replies the *Laird* with the most imperturbable manner and tone, "naebod' ill b'lieve ye." At length *O'Donoghue* remembers the *Laird's* affection for *Ormond*. He tells him that he himself is the villain that has wronged *Henry Ormond*, and calls on him to bare his sword. The *Laird* is dumfounded betwixt his vow to St. Andrew and his desire to be his friend's avenger. At last he reconciles his conscience by recollecting that his oath referred only to personal quarrels, and that as by his vow he was still at liberty to devote his arm to the cause of his king, so his friend had the same claim on his individual services when no private pique interfered. An hour from the time was appointed for the meeting, and the hostile friends separated with perfect satisfaction on both sides. The denouement may be told in a few words. *Ormond* discovers that *O'Donoghue* is the man he has vowed vengeance against, by means of a glove the Captain dropt at the place of appointment, and which glove *Lucy* declares she had given to him. *Ormond* is distracted, and is about to seek the betrayer, when *Lucy* puts a letter into his hand, which the Captain had given her for him, and which throws a new light upon the whole transaction. Hereupon enters the *Laird* bearing "two swords;" *Lucy* screams out, "he is dead;" but the Major assures her that he was "na but wounded," telling her the



Captain offered no defence, but presented his breast to his sword. Of course all ends happily. The drama was very successful. Mr. Webster played the Scotch Laird exceedingly well, but his dialect was "over far north" for us to recognise. Mr. Hudson was very bustling and very unlike a gentleman in the dashing Captain. The part might be wrought into a very elegant performance, which struck us so forcibly that at times we could not help sighing out, "Alas! poor Power! Mrs. Seymour and Miss Fortesque deserve most honourable mention, and we must not pass by Messrs. Howe and Brindal without a word of praise. The scenery and dresses are appropriate. The overture to, and quadrilles from the popular opera of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* were excellently well played by the band in the course of the evening. D. R.

**THE ADJUTANT.**—A two act nondescript piece, entitled *The Jockey Club*, from the French, was produced here on Monday night. The original French burlesque was written to ridicule turf doings at Chantilly. The adaptor has lost sight of this in the translation. In its English form the piece has lost its burlesque properties, and has become an extravaganza. The adaptor has missed a fair opportunity of having some sly hits at racing affairs, which of late have occupied much of public attention. There is not one allusion in *The Jockey Club* to the actualities of the turf. It is somewhat strange, that a sporting piece should be entirely devoid of reference to passing circumstances connected with race-course, stable, or betting-ring. There is no doubt that the translator purposely avoided allusion to turf matters, as otherwise it were next to impossible not to fall into the numberless jokes that proffered themselves. We feel confident that Lord George Bentinck is the adaptor of the new piece at the Adelphi; and from his lordship's tenderness on sporting matters, we may account for the absence of special jokes. *The Jockey Club*, however, is a little bit of fun, bustle, whim, variety and nonsense, written with ease and spirit. The plot is as absurd as possible—no disadvantage in an extravaganza. The scene opens at an inn in Newmarket. The members of a self-constituted society, styled "The Jockey Club," are sleeping in different parts of the room. *Acis Macassar, Esq., C.T.B.G., President of "The Genuine Gents' Jockey Club,"* Bell Alley (Mr. Wright), rises, and summons all the members. Directions are given respecting their conduct at the races, &c. *Macassar* dismisses the members, whereupon enters the *Marquis of Boquespille* (Mr. Selby), accompanied by *Mrs. Fitzfolly* (Miss Chaplin), and applies to *Macassar*, whom *Mrs. Fitzfolly* recognises as her hair-dresser, to know how he may be enrolled a member of the "Jockey Club." *Macassar* and *Mrs. Fitzfolly* exchange glances, and at once understand each other. The lady introduces the hair-dresser to the *Marquis* as the *Baron Macassar*, and the Frenchman offers himself as candidate for the society of the "Gents' Jockey Club." The gentlemen retire and the lady is left alone. Enters to her *Leander Larkington, Esq., a brilliant of the first water—on and off the turf* (Miss Woolgar), who recognises in *Mrs. Fitzfolly* an old town flame. The young gentleman falls on his knees to make love to the lady, when the *Marquis* enters, somewhat unceremoniously, and disturbs the  *tête-à-tête*. A challenge is refused by the *Marquis*, and an agreement instead is entered into by the gentlemen, that as each has a horse to run in a race, whoever wins shall take the lady. They retire, and the lady is visited by another lady, rejoicing in the name of *Mrs. Roseville* (Miss Emma Harding). This lady is in love with her cousin *Leander Larkington*, but is on the point of being married to the *Marquis*, who had been merely using the society of *Mrs. Fitzfolly*, like London Bridge, as Theodore

Hook said, *pour passer le Thames*. *Mrs. Roseville* is now left alone, when *Leander* enters. Mutual recrimination ensues between the cousins. Reconciliation, as a matter of course, follows, and *Leander* is on his knees to the lady, when the *Marquis* again interrupts the lovers. The bet is then transferred from *Mrs. Fitzfolly* to *Mrs. Roseville*. The act finishes with a chorus by the members.

Act the second takes us to the race course. It is early morning, and as yet there are but a few stragglers on the ground. The grand stand is in view—by the way there's no stand grand or otherwise at Newmarket. On one side of the course is seen the chariot of the *Marquis* with his Irish tiger sleeping in the dicky. The *Marquis*, who has been compelled to sleep all night in his chariot on the race course, put his head from the carriage window, and calls *Teddy O'Lyne* (Mr. Redmond Ryan) to shave him. This scene was, to make use of a theatrical term, very shaky. There was considerable disapprobation, but the great majority of the spectators were satisfied. The mistake consisted in the attempting to make that which was in itself highly ridiculous, still further ridiculous. It was taking the cream off of the nonsense. Had the *Marquis's valet* descended from the roof of the chariot, and shaved his master while he presented his head from the window, the thing being barely possible, would be reasonably laughable; but when, instead, *Teddy O'Lyne* lays himself flat on the roof of the vehicle, and to his own utter inconvenience endeavours to apply the razor to the *Marquis's* face, the thing was no longer ridiculous, it was impossible to conceive. It not only contradicted our reason, which is admissible in writings of this kind, but it contradicted itself, which is admissible in no writing whatsoever. There is a good deal of bustle in this scene; but there is not sufficient reality to identify it with a race-course. Even the man who sells the cards speaks in unknown phrase. No doubt this was another political dodge of the noble translator, Lord George Bentinck. *Leander*, wishing to insure the race to himself, contrives to palm off *Mr. Philander Heavynwell* (a capital part played by Paul Bedford) on the *Marquis* as the jockey he had engaged from the north. The *Marquis* is made to believe that, notwithstanding his size, the jockey, from his superior horsemanship, can win the race, especially as he has only to contend against an amateur rider. *Leander* undertaking to steer his own nag, the *Marquis* of course is beaten, and the piece winds up in the usual way. The performers supported their characters but indifferently. Mr. Wright for the first time attempted to play a gentleman, which, besides being impossible, was a mistake. Miss Woolgar appeared to very great advantage in her small moustache and fashionable costume. She looked the prettiest of all conceivable rouds. Her acting was spirited and intelligent in the extreme. Mr. Selby was dressed to the life as the Frenchman. Miss Chaplin looked exceedingly pretty, and performed *Mrs. Fitzfolly* as well as it deserved. Mrs. Frank Matthews, who enacted *Miss Poppets*, a bold-tongued lady, was capital, and served mainly to enhance the success of the piece. We have said *The Jockey Club* was successful: had it been more carefully performed, we are certain it would have proved a great hit. The piece was announced for every evening till further notice amidst enthusiastic demonstrations of applause, which swallowed up a very few dissentient voices that strove to express discontent. Lord George Bentinck must have been highly delighted with the success of his first drama, but unfortunately his lordship being at Newmarket for the second October meeting, could only have enjoyed his delight by proxy. D. R.

## Sonnet.

NO. IV.

SWEET blush,—thou teller of a heart, from whence  
 Soft thoughts come trembling their response to seek;  
 Thoughts, which, too delicate for words to speak,  
 Trust to thy mute, yet glowing, eloquence.  
 Thou bid'st foul slander fly affrighted hence.  
 When thou appear'st upon my lov'd one's cheek,  
 E'en Envy must recoil,—its pow'r is weak  
 Before that majesty of innocence.  
 Guard her, sweet blush, from all attempts at harm;  
 Gently envelope her,—a veil secure,  
 Which love and maiden modesty combine  
 To fold around her, as a potent charm.  
 Ill thoughts must fade before that tint so pure,  
 As demons shrink before a pow'r divine.

N. D.

## Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MY DEAR SIR,—A pupil of Mr. John Barnett has, at last, come forward to prove that his master was methodical, and in the same breath declares that instrumentation depends more on the whims of the composer than any fixed rule. No man can be methodical where no method can be exercised. It is quite clear, however, that there is a method by which instrumentation may be acquired; and it is quite as clear, that without a method no student can be instructed in anything. I should have thought that the London fogs had put my head into a dangerous mist, if Mr. Edward Francis Fitzwilliam had not made such a peculiar assertion; for when I was in the clearer atmosphere of Germany I did learn something under Dr. Rinck, Schnyder, and Aloys Schmidt: but really Mr. Fitzwilliam has quite relieved me, and I breathe again! Mr. Fitzwilliam observes that "among other things, I attacked Mr. Barnett." Now I will expose the *one-handed justice* part of this gentleman's letter. If Mr. Fitzwilliam had taken a few lessons of Mr. Barnett in harmony, and Mr. F. had written, say, a prize composition, which Mr. Barnett declared he had altered, improved, and remodelled; in what light would Mr. Fitzwilliam look upon Mr. Barnett, if such a statement were untrue? Mr. Fitzwilliam should write an essay on "Justice," and not omit to moralise on the importance of "equal-handed justice." I strongly recommend both master and pupil to study counterpoint; it would teach them both a *higher school of writing*, and to treat their subjects in a more dignified and prudent manner. Mr. Barnett wrongfully attacked me; I defended myself, not with a "BATON," alias a *stick*, but with the *hammer of truth*. Let me advise Mr. Fitzwilliam to extend his love of justice to each party, and whilst he seeks to benefit his friend, not to forget the *broad principles of justice*, by which alone a man can be said to be just indeed, and in truth.

I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—1. It would necessitate a second case if the London subscribers to my work would kindly pay the bearer, or if not at home, send the money to my house, 3, Keppel-street, Russell-square, after having received their copies. I do not like mentioning £ s. d. matters, but I am sure my professional friends will see that a work of this kind has cost me no small sum, and that publishers, &c., must be paid.

2. I had the pleasure of hearing M<sup>rs</sup>. Anna Bishop at Drury-Lane last Monday, and was struck with the extreme *velvet* quality of her sweet voice, and the true intonation with which she sung, blended with the quiet ease with which she executes the most difficult passages. I never have been more gratified with singing; and if she have not the power of a seraphine, she has the sweetness of a nightingale, which to me is far more delightful. Her interpretation of music is, in my humble opinion, most exquisite, and the purity of her vocal school cannot be surpassed.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—I write to thank you for your kind attention to my last note, and to say that I shall be happy to receive any communications on the subject of it which may be sent to you. I will wait until Wednesday the 21st instant, before I reply to either of the applicants. If, upon farther information and consideration, the first I wrote to declines the charge, I will then address another. If this plan be not adopted, more than one may act upon my suggestion, and mischief would ensue. Those, therefore, who do not receive answers individually, must not think themselves ill used. The names I have hitherto seen are total strangers to me, and I am not, on that account in a position to select, or to show any

favoritism. Nor is it my province to do so. Each of the parties who entertains my suggestions must act on his own responsibility, dealing candidly to himself, when he has all the information I can give him—and he shall have the best I can procure—to enable him to form an opinion on his chances of success.

I am, dear sir, your faithful servant,  
 12th October, 1846.

DILLETTANTE.

## Miscellaneous.

M. JULLIEN has announced the recommencement of his popular concerts at Covent-Garden for Friday the 30th inst. Besides his own band he has engaged four military bands—the 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, Grenadier Guards, and Coldstream Guards, by permission of the colonels of the regiments. M. Jullien's bills present all the usual attractions, and among other things a new set of quadrilles, composed by himself, as a pendant to the 'Royal Navy,' called the 'Royal Army Quadrilles.' Owing to the Covent-Garden speculation, the concerts are necessarily confined to one month.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSITUATION, HACKNEY ROAD.—On Tuesday evening Charles Field, Esq., of the London and Bath concerts, professor of vocal music, gave a musical entertainment, called "Evenings in Greece." Moore and Bishop supplied the poetry and music. The vocal music was performed by Miss Field, (her first appearance since her return from Italy), Master Joseph Frederick Field, Master John Lawrence Field, and Mr. Field. The performance gave general satisfaction to a crowded audience. Mr. Field is a very clever vocalist, and sung several ballads with much effect.

SUSSEX HALL.—A concert took place at the above rooms in Leadenhall-street on Tuesday evening, on which occasion some of our most favorite vocalists assisted. The concert was not announced as for any purpose, general or particular. The rooms were so crowded, and the heat in consequence so oppressive, that we were compelled to leave before the middle of the second part. The ventilation must be better attended to, or great inconvenience must surely follow. Had the evening been warm, the windows doubtless would have been left open, but being bitterly cold every access to the air was blocked up, and thus the Hall felt to us as though it were an oven in which we were breathing. The concert was excellent. Among the performances we would willingly notice were Miss Dolby's singing the brilliant cavatina, "Ah! con lui," from *Sappho*; the same lady's two German songs, by Czapeck; "Scenes of my youth," from the *Gipsy's Warning*, by Miss Poole; the *aria* from Paer's *Freebooters*, "When I think of the wrongs he hath done me," by Mr. Leffler; a duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore* by Miss Poole and Mr. Leffler; and the duet for violin and piano-forte by Messrs. George Case and Maurice Davies. Miss Dolby sang splendidly; we never heard her voice under better management; the ornaments belonging to the cavatina in *Sappho* are exceedingly difficult, but were mastered by the singer with the most perfect ease. Miss Dolby was rapturously encoined in all the songs in which we heard her. Miss Poole, we have said, sang Benedict's favorite song from the *Gipsy's Warning* with much effect. She was also much applauded in Mr. F. Romer's ballad, "The gift of flowers." Mr. Leffler, who appeared to be in the highest favor with the frequenters of the Sussex Hall, sang Beethoven's *Adelaida*, and though his fine voice could not be heard to disadvantage in such a composition, yet as a whole it was to us unsatisfactory, and we cannot too strongly reprehend the custom of adapting music to suit particular voices, more especially when the adaptation involves the transposition



of a third below. By this means not only the entire character of the song is lost, but the author's fame is endangered. Beethoven's name is intimately associated in the general mind, with the *Adelaida*, the most exquisite and passionate love-wail that ever sighed in music. To a high tenor voice only can this composition be properly entrusted, as for such a vehicle of exposition only was it intended by the composer, who well knew that no voice saving a tenor's could embody its deep pathos and expression. But there is little real pathos in a bass voice, and even Pischek's splendid organ and magnificent singing in this *Adelaida* could not rescue the attempt from reprobation. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of astonishment that the Sussex Hall audience were not particularly enraptured, nor ourselves over-satisfied with Mr. Leffler's interpretation of the *Adelaida*. He, however, redeemed his lost laurels in Paer's song, and also in "The standard bearer" of Lindpaintner. The duet on violin and piano-forte was very well executed by Mr. George Case and Mr. Maurice Davies. The former gentleman is a very neat and accurate performer on the violin, and won enthusiastic applauses by his brilliant rendering of a very difficult variation on an air from the *Son-nambula*. It is to be regretted that this gentleman should not pay his undivided homage to the violin—an instrument on which, with study and perseverance, he might ultimately aim at a height which it is impossible he can now attain—and not separate the practice demanded by that instrument into two portions, one of which is completely thrown away on that un-actistic vehicle, the *concertina*. Mr. G. Case should not be led away by the plaudits that followed his performance on the *concertina*, for, however well merited they may be, they are nothing more than laudations bestowed on a school-boy's task. Mr. Edney sang two of John Parry's songs, one with much humour—the other we did not hear. Mr. Harrison introduced "When other lips," and the grand scena from *Son-nambula*. Mr. Maurice Davies made an excellent conductor.

THE TREATY OF INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT concluded between this country and Saxony appears in Friday's Gazette. By it, authors, inventors, or engravers, &c. of any work, can secure to themselves the right of publication in either country, provided their works be registered, and copies lodged with the proper authorities within twelve months.

VAUXHALL.—The band and the principal vocalists of this establishment, have presented Mr. Alexander Lee, the popular composer, with a handsome gold watch and appendages, as a testimony of their appreciation of the ability and gentlemanly deportment with which he has exercised his vocation as conductor during the prosperous season just expired.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—(From a Correspondent.) Madame Griesi and Signor Mario became life subscribers, of 10 guineas each, to the Royal Society of Musicians, before they departed from England; and Frederick Lablache gave a donation of five guineas, besides becoming an annual subscriber, to that excellent institution. Mr. Lindsay Sloper also, has given his name as an annual subscriber. Were any thing required to shew the great value of this society, it might be found in a very recent occurrence. A very industrious and clever musician, had, "in the down hill of life," struggled hard to maintain himself and family; but, in consequence of a stroke of paralysis, he became totally unable to follow his profession. Fortunately for him he was a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, which grants to him an allowance of sixty guineas a-year for life.—[We can find but one fault with the "Royal Society of Musicians," which is this:—it vaunts that as a charity which belongs to the members as a right—nay, an absolute property, according to the constitu-

tion of its laws and the meaning of its foundation. We altogether disapprove of the public advertisement of the poverty and distresses of artists, which occurs at the annual meeting—it is unjust to the objects and degrading to the society. You might just as fairly cite as an object of charity, one to whom a legacy has fallen by the death of a relation, according to the articles of a will, as one who, by any circumstances provided by the laws, becomes possessed of an income from "The Royal Society of Musicians." It is no charity—it is the interest of his annual subscription, which the treasurer of the society is bound to pay him as a just and lawful debt.—Ed. M. W.]

### To Correspondents.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.—We have forwarded his letter, but we are not at liberty to give the name and address of the party in question; we shall be most pleased to receive the paper so kindly offered by our correspondent.

MR. H. VINER.—MR. J. LLOYD.—We have forwarded their letters. Once more we are not at liberty to mention the name and address of the enquiring party, nor can we take any active part in the matter.

THE BRUSSELS FETES next week.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.—A review of his new work is unavoidably postponed till our next.

### Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

### M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS. FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honor to state that his Annual Series of Concerts will commence on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1846,

and be continued for ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has great regret in announcing that he is imperatively called upon to terminate this Series of Concerts at a period so unusually early, but the new Proprietors of the Theatre having stipulated for possession of the Premises on November 30th, in order to commence the demolition and rebuilding of the interior for their grand Italian Opera, M. JULLIEN has no alternative. The last Concert will, therefore, most positively take place on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28th.

Notwithstanding, however, the shortness of the Season, M. JULLIEN has determined to present to his patrons every possible attraction, and has made such arrangements as will afford them Four Weeks of Unrivalled Musical Entertainment. During the recess he has composed a new Grand Descriptive Military Quadrille, to be entitled

"THE BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLE."

and intended as a companion to "The British Navy," which was, last winter, honored with such distinguished approbation.

In order to render complete the Grand and Novel Effects introduced in this Piece of Music, M. JULLIEN has (by the kind condescension of the Military Authorities) succeeded in engaging (entirely in addition to his own complete and numerous orchestra,)   
FOUR DISTINCT MILITARY BANDS,

viz.

The Band of HER MAJESTY'S 2nd LIFE GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. WAETZIG, (by the kind permission of COLONEL WILLIAMS;)

The Band of HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, BLUE, under the direction of Mr. TUTTON, (by the kind permission of COLONEL SMITH;)

The Band of HER MAJESTY'S GRENADEIR GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. SCHOTT, (by the kind permission of COLONEL HOME;)

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These Four Grand Military Bands will, during the progress of the Quadrille, be combined with the Concert Orchestra, and form a Musical Ensemble, at once novel and extraordinary.

The whole conducted by M. JULLIEN.

The immensely increased expense incurred by the above arrangements is evident. The Prices of Admission will, however, remain as formerly; M. JULLIEN (having considerably enlarged the space allotted to the Promenade,) intending to trust for his remuneration to an increased number of Visitors, rather than to an augmentation in the prices of admission.

Prices of Admission.	
DRESS CIRCLE, .. .. .	2s. 6d.
PROMENADE AND BOXES, .. .. .	1s.
PRIVATE BOXES, .. 10s. 6d. .. 21. 1s. and .. 21. 11s. 6d.	

Full Particulars will be shortly announced.

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\* \* Please correct with the pen the following errata.

ERRATA.—The first sign of the double diminished triad on page 4, line 8, is incorrect; for the proper sign see the example immediately below.—The example on page 25 should be in the TREBLE clef.

## Bureau Central des Artistes,

229, Regent Street, corner of Hanover Street.

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J. KOHLER having brought to perfection and obtained Her Majesty's Letters Patent for the above Invention, which he has applied to the CORNOPEAN, TRUMPET, CORNETTO, TROMBONES, and FRENCH HORNS, he can now with great confidence, after an experience of Five Years in bringing the action to its present state of perfection, recommend them to Her Majesty's Army and Navy, and all Professors and Amateurs. The advantages that this Patent gives to these Instruments are—

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These Instruments are now in use in Her Majesty's Private Band, First Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, Grenadier Guards, Fusilier Guards, Royal Artillery, 60th, Royal Rifles, &c. Testimonials, Drawings, and Prices, forwarded on application at J. KOHLER'S Manufactory, 35, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

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EXTRACT from the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Tuesday, 26th May, 1846, Sir JOHN RENNIE, President, in the Chair.

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GEORGE CRISP, Engineer, ROBT. LONGBOTTOM, Secretary.

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T. W. KEATES, Consulting Chemist, J. D. PALMER, Mechanical Inspector.

THE UNIVERSAL GAS BURNER is used nightly at the Polytechnic Institution, and may be had and seen from 11 till 4, at the Patentees, 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross; and of all Gas Fitters in Town and Country.

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